

...nor his gin, nor his
...nor any thing that is
...the rumrunner.
...not visit Billiard Hall,
...tipping in the dance, nor
...on the table.
...Commandment is, Thou
...later than 9 o'clock at

...The total num-
...shoes made in Massachu-
...1846, was 20,896,572
...is. Their value, \$14,
...5 millions, besides about 6
...worth of leather, laces,
...and rubber shoes. The
...and shoes would furnish a
...man, woman and child in the
...The Western shoe-dealers
...themselves unable to obtain
...this full, and the price
...on 10 to 15 per cent. Are
...10 per cent. would afford
...a million and a half of dol-
...among our shoemakers.
...This 15 millions is earned
...Host. Rep.

...ian and Surgeon.

...M. D., late of Philadelphia respect-
...services to the citizens of Hartford
...enjoyed the advantages of the
...Pennsylvania Hospital, with Hos-
...pitals in any of its forms, he feels
...Building, Main street, where he
...the night.

STOCK'S VERMIFUGE

...The Mayor of the City of Lancas-
...Lancaster City, July 2d, 1844.

...Several of the younger branches of
...under various remedies, and I am
...at your Vermifuge had the desired ef-
...ficiency, removing the almost incredi-
...the large worms from one patient,
...to its other tested qualities in any
...the efficacy of your Vermifuge assured
...M. CARPENTER,
...Mayor, Lancaster City.

REMEDY FOR WORMS.

...The Mayor of the City of Lancas-
...Lancaster City, July 2d, 1844.

...Several of the younger branches of
...under various remedies, and I am
...at your Vermifuge had the desired ef-
...ficiency, removing the almost incredi-
...the large worms from one patient,
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Christian Secretary.

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at Two Dollars per annum.
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the paper should be addressed to BURR & SMITH,
post paid.

From the London Examiner.

Chalmers's Scripture Readings.

We shall not be misunderstood when we
add that the readings which here convey
those impressions derive their chief value
from a personal attractiveness of style and
manner, and mainly from the fact of being
his. The presence of Dr. Chalmers is
predominant throughout. The singular ri-
tality which was the characteristic of his
genius, and which kept him as active and
unwearied to the last day of his ministry as
at the first, is transfused into every scrip-
tural comment. With what boyish inter-
est he discusses the incidents of the deluge;
how he lingers with Hagar in the wilder-
ness, peopling it with the Arabs that have
ever since, as then, wandered or wandered
there; how delighted he dwells on the
kindness and simplicity of the patriarchal
manners in patriarchal times, and with
what beauty draws forth the touching, af-
fectionate, or noble traits of Abraham's life
and character; with what exquisite suscep-
tibility shows to those least little touches of
natural feeling which identify the Rachels and
Jacobs, and Labans, and Rebekahs, with
our modern life and custom; with what a
personal love he follows the fortunes of
good, mild, venerable Isaac, through all
the trials and vicissitudes of his children;
with what national naïveté he sets forth
Sterne, and Shakespeare, and Mackenzie, as
unequal to cope in pathos with Judah's ad-
dress to Joseph; with what relish he en-
joys the details of the erection of the taber-
nacle, dwelling on the very ornaments of
the candlestick, and drawing genial wisdom
from their forms of grace; how sublimely
earnest is his following in the path of Mo-
ses, and with what affectionate awe and
love he waits upon the steps of "good old
Joshua;" the reader can only learn from
the volume itself. There is never a misgiv-
ing of the life, the truth, the absolute real-
ity, of a single passage. The venerable
chronicle has been his life-long study, and,
at a thought, his vivid imagination lights
up its inmost stores. He will have no dis-
cussion of the miracles of Joshua. He
sees the sun and moon, that they did stand
still; the one resting over Gibeon, and the
other in the valley of Ajalon. He beholds,
by no "optical delusion," the land as it was
shown to Moses; and, as they were depos-
ited in the Ark of the Testimony, he looks
on at the two tables written by God's own
hand. "What a relic," he exclaims, "what
a memorial of the living God, for any peo-
ple to have possessed!"

We can conceive no book, for these rea-
sons, so likely to be of beneficial tendency
in private as well as family devotion. It
is to the mind what his favorite *Pictorial
Bible* is to the eye. The wearied or relax-
ed attention will be roused by its animated
earnestness, the wavering faith will find a
solid resting-place in its undoubting and
sublime beliefs. But we have detained the
reader too long from what will better con-
vey a correct impression and description of it.

This is the remark with which he enters
on the history of Abraham. The personal
allusion is to his grandson, then in his sixth
year.

"I feel now as if entering on the daylight
of history, and emerging from the obscuri-
ty of its earliest dawn. And I may here
record the effect of old associations with
the Bible narratives which are now before
me. I feel quite sure that the use of the
Sacred Dialogues as a school-book, and the
pictures of Scripture scenes which inter-
ested my boyhood, still cleave to me and
impart a peculiar tinge and charm to the
same representations when brought within
my notice. Perhaps, when I am mouldering
in my coffin, the eye of my dear Tom-
may may light upon this page, and it is pos-
sible that his recollections may accord with
my present anticipations of the effect that
his delight in the *Pictorial Bible* may have
in endearing still more to him the holy
word of God. May it tell with saving ef-
fect on his conscience, in what ever way it
may affect his imagination; and let him so
profit by its sacred lessons of faith and piety,
that after a life of Christian usefulness
on earth we may meet in heaven, and re-
joice forever in the presence of our com-
mon Father."

THE LAND OF JUDEA.

"At this rudimental stage in the history
of the world, the kingdoms were small;—
and those who governed them, though petty
chiefs. We recollect an infidel jest of Vol-
taire's on the insignificance of the district
of Judea—from whence he would insinuate

how unlikely it is that a place so limited
should have been the real theatre of trans-
actions and events which, if authentic, are
far the most important that ever took place
for the destinies of our species. There is
something in our view highly unphilosoph-
ical in such an observation—as if the same
play of essential interests and feelings, and
the same manifestation of highest princi-
ple, the same lessons, the same moral, could
not be as effectually exhibited within the
limits of a narrow as within those of the
widest materialism. There is no country
which, apart from revelation, has bequeath-
ed greater examples or done more for the
civilization of our race than ancient
Greece—yet look to the smallness of its
territory, and see how all that is greatest
and most imposing in secular history, was
condensed there within a space far more
contracted than was the land of Judea or
the kingdom of Scotland, which last may,
in her church contents and by the doings of
her church, give forth lessons which may
influentially and most importantly tell thro'
the whole of Christendom."

THE NARRATIVE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

"There is an exceedingly picturesque
and graphical interest in this narrative;—
and I feel the highest value for it as an ex-
hibition of the kindness and simplicity of
the patriarchal manners in patriarchal
times. There is something particularly
graceful and imposing in the politeness of
Abraham; and I can now better understand
the fitness of sacred biography as abound-
ing in the exemplars of all that is good and
great in the character of man. One likes
the exuberant and affectionate hospitality
of the good old man; and the very mater-
ial of which it was made up enters most
fitly and beautifully into the description of
the whole scene. I do not know if it has
ever been made the subject of a painting,
but surely there is enough of the visible
and the local to furnish the artist with ob-
jects for an impressive representation; the
tent door, the tree, Abraham and Sarah,
the three strangers, the servant, and the
food which was dressed and set before them.
Let me not hide myself as heretofore from
my own flesh. Let me remember that
hospitality, even to the unknown, thus ex-
emplified in the Old, is expressly enjoined
in the New Testament, and under the war-
rant, too, of the example recorded in the
earlier Scriptures—'For thereby some have
entertained angels unawares.' I have much
to learn and much to unlearn ere I attain the
perfection of the second law."

"I figure the great deference of Abra-
ham for these unknown personages, in his
standing by them while they ate—as if of-
fending in the capacity of their servant.
Connect this with their being unknown,
with his being unaware of their dignity;
and we see in this trait an exhibition of
the virtue—to honor all men."

NATURE AS IT WAS AND IS.

"It may appear a trifling and puerile re-
mark; but I must confess myself much in-
terested by the identity of human nature in
its most familiar working at very distant
periods of the world. Rachel ran to tell
her father, (v. 12)—Laban ran to meet Ja-
cob, (v. 13)—Rebekah ran to tell her moth-
er, (xxiv. 28.) It is a minute, some would
say, a ridiculously trifling thing to single
out; but I like to contemplate human na-
ture in the stability even of its lesser evolu-
tions—the same as now thousands of years
back. When a child is filled with any strong
emotion by a surprising event or intelli-
gence, it runs to discharge it on others, im-
patient of their sympathy; and it marks,
I can fancy, the simplicity and greater nat-
urality of that period—that the grown-up
men and women gave unreserved way to
their first impulses, even as children did."

THE SONG OF MOSES.

"This noble poem is ascribed to Moses
himself; and while its poetry speaks the
inspiration of high genius, its sacredness
speaks the direct inspiration of heaven.—
Such a recognition of poetry and song tells
us that in the service of God there should
be the exercise, the consecrated exercise,
of all the powers which he has given to us;
and tells us that in religion the enjoyment
might be as various as are the capacities of
our nature. And there is that of sentiment
in it which adapts it to the use of a church
delivered from her enemies in all ages—
nay, which fits and so makes it to be ac-
tually adopted for one of the triumphant songs
of eternity. * * * I have often
felt, as in reading Milton or Thomson, a
strong poetical effect in the bare enumera-
tion of different countries, and this strong-
ly enhanced by the statement of some com-
mon and pervading emotion which passed
from one to another of their respective
people. This is set forth with great beauty
and power in verses 14th and 15th."

It is delightful to find this great and good
divine mingling up with his solemn medita-
tions the most eminent secular writers, re-
ferring to them as standards of the beauti-
ful and wise, and not hesitating to compare
the threatenings against the Judman race in
Deuteronomy even with what the genius of
Scott has imagined for their modern reali-
zation in his fine romance of *Ivanhoe*.

On one of the ordinances of the Leviti-
cal Law, which has had much and momen-
tous effect in modern history, Doctor Cham-
bers remarks:

"It is remarkable that while there is an
express interdiction on the marriage of a man
with his brother's wife, there is no such
prohibition against his marriage with his
wife's sister. In verse 18, the prohibition
is only against marrying a wife's sister dur-
ing the life of the first wife, which of itself
implies a liberty to marry the sister after
her death—beside implying a connivance at
polygamy."

It is to be added, however, that the mar-
riage here forbidden, is, by the supplement
in Deuteronomy, (on which the Pharisees
questioned Christ,) distinctly recommended,
where no issue has been left for perpetua-
tion of the elder line. That simple verse
should have overthrown the whole shabby
pretence of Cranmer, in the affair of Kath-
erine Tudor's divorce.

THE CANDLESICK OF THE TABERNACLE.

"In the description of these various ar-
ticles, it is well to observe that there are
parts not for use only, but parts which serve
no discernible purpose, save that of orna-
ment. The candlestick would practically
have answered all its mere utilitarian pur-
poses as well as though there had been nei-
ther knobs nor flowers; and so too might
our vegetable structures without so rich an
effluence of gay and variegated blossoms.
It is pleasing to contemplate such
exhibitions of beauty, as designedly set forth
by God to regale the taste and the eye of
man. Even our Saviour signifies this ob-
ject of the Divine workmanship—when he
says to the ladies of the field, that Solomon
in all his glory was not arrayed like one of
these."

THE JEWISH LAW OF RELEASE IN DEUTERONOMY.

"This law of release is applicable not to
strangers but to Jews, and not to all Jews
it would seem, but to the poor of them on-
ly, (verses 4, 7, 11.) Nothing can exceed
the beauty and tenderness of these injunc-
tions in behalf of the poor—equal to all
that is enjoined us under our new and lar-
ger dispensation. The promises interming-
led with these humane and benevolent
charges, remind us of the aphorism, that
'he who giveth to the poor lendeth unto the
Lord.' There is something quite touching
in these pleadings and remonstrances from
the upper sanctuary on behalf of the poor,
and the strangers, and the widows. And
what beauty of expression, too, to which
Shakespeare seems all alive when he tells
of a heart for pity and a hand open as day
for melting charity. That the poor shall
never cease out of the land,' suggests the
same truth in the other form given to it by
our Saviour, when He says—'For the poor
ye have always with you.'"

HEBREW CIVIL AND CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE.

"It were well for a philosophical and
learned jurist to confront the civil law of
the Hebrews given by inspiration with the
laws and usages of the most enlightened
nations, and also with the principles of his
profession. The principle of prevention
for example, as well as of correction and
removal in the particular instance, is here
adverted to; and the way in which the rule
of capital punishment is given forth, along
with that of the minor punishment, speaks
strongly against those who oppose the pen-
alty of death in all instances whatever.—
Here life for life is as absolute and un-
reserved an ordination as the eye for eye or
tooth for tooth."

A Thing that Paul Knew.

He thought it of importance enough to
make a special record of it. And it was a
thing that he knew, and many people did
not know. And though people think they
have grown vastly wiser than they were in
Paul's day, and some of them think they
are wiser than he, yet one thing he knew
many of them do not know. And as peo-
ple, in prosperous circumstances in life and
somewhat elevated in the world, are apt to
think pretty well of themselves, it is hard
to say that Paul knew one thing many of
them do not know, though it pertains to
their special circumstances in life.

He says he "knew how to abound." He
knew the temper of mind and the conduct
appropriate to eminent elevation and pros-
perity. He knew how to feel, and what
to do, when blessings rolled in like a flood
upon him; just the thing that very few per-
sons, in those circumstances, do know. In-
deed, not a few seem to lose what good
sense they had in their poverty, when they
come to abound. Prosperity intoxicates
them. They become so exultant that they
have precious little sound judgment
left. But Paul kept his balance.

It was not that Paul knew how to put
himself in possession of abundance. Of
this many wise men boast. But Paul, with
only the trade of a tent-maker, and his
hands full of a thousand-fold better busi-
ness than even that, had no time to seek
abundance of this world's goods. If he
got a decent garment, ten to one if it did
not fall into the hands of those ravenous
wolves, the Jews, who were howling about

him, thirsting for what they wanted more
than even his blood.

He knew how to abound, in that he knew
what use to make of his prosperity, when
such a blessing was granted. He did not
turn it against his own interests, as thou-
sands do, by gratifying all the earthly pas-
sions. He did not fix his eye upon it, and
glut over it—put it in the place of God,
and count it his God. This is the only
way in which many know how to abound.
And it is the way to make troubles abound,
"piercing themselves through with many
sorrows."

If all the prosperous knew the thing that
Paul knew, what a rapid diminution of hu-
man woe there would speedily be! How
many burdens upon the soul's prosperity
would be thrown off! If Paul had been the
Encyclopedia of all literature and sci-
ence, he could have said nothing of himself
of so much consequence as when he was
able to say, "I know how to abound."—
Boston Recorder.

The Truth of Truths.

There is a truth, called in the word of
God, by way of pre-eminence, "the truth."
All Scripture is given by inspiration of
God, and therefore must be true. More-
over, all the truth in the Bible is most im-
portant truth, "and is profitable for doc-
trine, for reproof, for correction, for in-
struction in righteousness." There is in
the Bible truth concerning the giving of
the law, and truth concerning the kings of
Israel, and truth concerning the progress
of the gospel in its primitive days. But
what is the truth? You remember how
Pilate said to Jesus, who stood at his bar.
What is truth? It is the truth concerning
Jesus Christ. He himself said, "I am the
Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man
cometh unto the Father but by me." As
the sheaves of Joseph's brethren, in his
dream, rose up, and did obeisance to his
sheaf; and as the nobles of the land un-
cover their heads, and pay their homage
when royalty appears, so do all the other
revelations of Scripture, however impor-
tant and dignified in themselves, point away
to the gospel concerning Christ, as the al-
pha and the omega of the word of God.—
Does any one ask the reason why such ex-
cellence is attached to this truth? I an-
swer, because it is the word of salvation.

"And this is life eternal, that they might
know thee, the only true God, and Jesus
Christ, whom thou hast sent." God, our
Saviour, will have all men to be saved, and
to come unto the knowledge of the truth.—
Oh, is there one here who wishes to be
saved, let him understand, from the Spirit of
God, that he is not to be saved by his pray-
ers, or his tears, or his feelings, or by his
works, but "by coming unto the knowledge
of the truth." Oh, how important, then,
must this truth be! Far does it outshine
all the truths of ancient and refined philos-
ophy, for, however much polish and power
these might give the sage, not one of them,
like this, could give salvation. Far better
to be an untutored and unlettered hind,
and, at the same time, know this truth,
than to be ignorant of this, and know all
else beside. Look at you princely resi-
dence, where dwells the nobleman of wide
spread fame—a statesman, a poet, a phi-
losopher; and look to the humble cottage,
occupied by a tenant on his rich estate,
one poor, ignorant, and unknown, but re-
joicing in the knowledge of a truth, which
the other has never believed; which of the
two is most to be envied—the peasant or
the philosopher? Let Cowper, the Chris-
tian bard, reply:—
"You humble cottager, at her own door,
Pillow and bedding, all her little store:
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.
O happy peasant, O unhappy bard!
His mere mind, hers the rich reward.
He, praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come;
She, never heard of half a mile from home.
He, lost in errors, his vain heart prefers;
She, safe in the simplicity of hers."

[Glasgow News.

Twice Dead.

When is a church twice dead and pluck-
ed up by the roots?
"They are once dead when there is no
spiritual life in the members—when their
services are merely formal—when one at-
tends social or public meetings because an-
other does, or because their pastor or their
brethren will notice their absence—where
no personal effort is made for the salvation
of the impenitent, and no interest is felt in
their own sanctification—where their zeal,
so far as they have any, is for their own
church, as their own, rather than as Christ's
Church—when their interest in a sermon
is, that it may please men; not that it may
please and glorify God. Such a church is
dead, and its fruit, if ever it bore any, is
withering.

When, in addition to this, its members
are not only dead so far as spirituality is
concerned, but when they dislike to hear
their own condition portrayed, or urged on
their attention; when they are restive un-
der appeals to wakeful devotion and self-
denying labor; when such truth as Jesus
preached in relation to cherished sin—"If
thy right hand offend thee, cut it off; be-
cause it is better to enter into life maimed,

than to be cast into hell fire;"—when, in
order to please them, the sins of life must
not be noticed at all, or noticed in such a
form that there is a graceful side to a lower
note. This kind of antipathy of heart to
plain gospel truth denotes that they are
twice dead.

If a church in such a state does not re-
pent and do its first works, there is danger
that the candlestick will be removed out of
its place, or that the Spirit will entirely
withdraw and leave the church with the
mere selfish and worldly form, instead of
the power and purity of the gospel.

"Brethren, it is high time to wake out of
sleep."—Christian Treasury.

Advice to a Young Minister.

BY CHRISTMAS EVANS.

Consider, in the first place, the great im-
portance to a preacher of a blameless life.
You must, like Timothy "flee youthful
lusts," as you would escape from beasts of
prey. . . . Remember that you cannot
commit some loved sin in private, and per-
form the work of the ministry in public with
facility and acceptance. For a preacher
to fall into sin, be it a secret one, and to
live in it, is as fatal, ultimately, as the cut-
ting of Samson's hair. Be strong in the
grace that is in Christ Jesus. . . . It will
be well for you, while you travel through
the coppice of youth, to keep from all ap-
pearance of evil. May you have grace to
pass through the coppice of forbidden
trees, without cutting your name into the
bark of one of them, or you may be up-
braided, at critical times, by those who
may wish to prove that you are not better
than themselves; even the *iota* inverted by
your hand, may be produced after many
years.

2. I remember the words of Luther, that
reading, prayer and temptation, are neces-
sary to strengthen and to purify the talents
of a minister. *Read* to extend your gen-
eral knowledge, especially as to the plan of
redemption, according to the Scriptures, in
all its parts, from election to glorification;
that you may, like a spiritual watchmaker,
know all the relative cog wheels, and be
able to open them in the pulpit, and to con-
nect them all by Faith, Hope and Charity,
that they may be able to occupy their own
places, and exhibit their true results on the
dial-plate; thus proving yourself a work-
man that need not be ashamed, rightly di-
viding the word of truth. . . . The mes-
sengers of God described Rev. iv., are full
of eyes behind and before. You must use
prayer to fetch strength of Christ, like the
homage to carry home the manna in, or the
water-pot of the woman of Samaria; with-
out the prayer of faith, the preacher will
have nothing to draw with from the well
that is deep, even the *deep things of God*.
Temptation is requisite to prove the nature
of the metal of the preacher's character and
doctrine "approved of God." The piece
of gold in every true minister's ministry,
must be tried in some furnace prepared by
divine providence.

3. Avail yourself, in the morning of your
days, of every opportunity to acquire know-
ledge useful for the ministry. Let it be
your constant aim to turn every stream and
rivulet of knowledge in the right direction
to facilitate the work of the ministry, for
the good of souls and the glory of God.—
Always have a book to read, instead of in-
dulging in vain conversations. Learn your
own mother tongue well, learn to write a
good hand by frequent practice.

With regard to the composition of your
sermon: first, let the matter be evangelic.
The doctrine of the gospel is a mold from
heaven, and not changed. It puts its own
impress and shape on the professor that is
melted into it, so that his justification, sanc-
tification, and all his salvation, flow from
the merits of Christ; and all through God's
grace, and not of ourselves. The Gospel,
as a glass, should be kept clean and clear
in the pulpit, that the hearers may see the
glory of Christ, and be changed to the same
image. Every duty is to be urged on evan-
gelical motives. "Let us have grace," &c.
Hence we can serve God in all the duties
of the kingdom of heaven. The whole is
summed up in living by faith, which work-
eth by love, to him that died for us, and
rose again for our justification. Second-
ly, let your *decisions be natural to the text*.
Take care that your interpretation accord
with the contexts. Two or three general
heads; avoid many. Four or five remarks
you may make on each head; see that they
are fairly in the truth of the text. Third-
ly, *I am not inclined to make inferences or
applications from the whole*. When the
preacher has expended his strength and in-
guity in endeavoring to impress and ap-
ply the truth to the mind of his hearers, ap-
plication seems to me to be doing again
what has been effected already. The black-
smith does not put the horse-shoe in the
fire after he has nailed it to the hoof, and
the cook does not spread the cloth again,
when dinner is over. Fourthly, *beware of
long sermons as well as long prayers*. When
there is but one preacher, he should not
preach for more than an hour; when there
are two, both should not be more than an
hour and a half, that the worship may close

within two hours. Whenever this time is
passed, coolness and fatigue ensue.

5. Attend, also, my young brother, to
your *outward appearance in the pulpit*. Be-
ware of a proud, haughty appearance, with
wandering eyes, and an unfeeling counte-

Poetry.

A New Year's Ode.

A year! a year! what is a year?
 'Tis but a circuit of the sun—
 A point on which its rays appear,
 When they a certain work have done.
 What is a year? Ah, who can tell
 The changes which it brings to view—
 Its deeds what harps, with joy, will swell,
 Or strike that long, that last adieu!

Ah, in a year are works begun,
 Which after ages cannot close—
 Thoughts, as enduring as the sun,
 Wake from their night of long repose.
 A year! a year! in that short time
 Beings are born that yet shall see
 The wreck of all earth's noble clime,
 While stars and sun make haste to flee.

Of births of cities—Empires proud,
 I will not speak, for they must die,
 Time rocks their cradle, waves their shroud,
 And digs the grave where they must lie.
 But there is that, whose infant days
 Time nourishes with special care,
 Whose life and vigor ne'er decays,
 Whose funeral rites Time can't prepare.

The Soul—that flower that sweetly blooms
 In fields that Time's own hand has sown,
 Shall flourish fairest o'er that tomb,
 Where Time lies down to sleep unknown.
 Unknown I said; but it is not so,
 For his immortal Son shall keep
 The memory of those times whose flow,
 Ever rolled him onward to the deep.

That fostering hand is ne'er forgot,
 While tracing on the eternal stage
 The words of Time "Forget me not!"
 Ring in his ears from age to age.
 Oh what a year! then I reply—
 It is the birth-day of those lights,
 That shine in an eternal sky,
 And circle round those heavenly heights.

Then count your years—dear friends—be wise
 Each New Year keep, as for that hour,
 When flames shall gather round our skies,
 But on the soul can have no power.

Salmon, N. H. D. H. B.

Religious & Moral.

Farm in the West.

Only night before last, a pale, care-worn young man sat down upon one of the benches in Lafayette Square. His clothes were by no means new—his beard had "gone to seed," and his shoes, like those of Julius St. Pierre, were "minus half their soles." As the breeze swept through the trees in the Square, a shudder ran through the heart of the lonely man. He saw the yellow leaves drop from their boughs, and after being whirled around and around by the currents of the air, would at last be whirled away. Heaven only knows whither. He thought these leaves were like his hopes, and that he was like the tree that parted with them. In the green spring time of life his heart had put forth its blossoms and its branches, and many a dark love foliaged its sweet song amid the dark green foliage of his mind. But now all seemed gone, and thought by thought, and memory by memory, seemed dropped from the bough of life. He heard the autumn wind sighing through his bosom, and clasping his hands over his eyes shut out the gleam of the pale stars, and wept to himself. He thought of his youth, the golden visions that his mind had woven then, and how like the diamond frost-work that is melted by the sun, they had all dissolved into "thin air." He thought of the struggles he had gone through—the perils that he had passed—how from morn till morn he had labored—not for himself, but for others, and more than all, how his proud heart had been obliged to bow to the

"Spurn that patient merit,
 From the unworthy task."

It was a deep and bitter thought that ran through his heart, but he pressed his hand to his breast and said—"It is well." Gathering his scanty garments about him, he wended his way to his house, and after a long and weary walk, at last reached his humble place of abode. His wife ran out to meet him, and his children clasped him, one around the knees, while the other clung her little thin white arms around his neck. He thought of the morrow—he had not a dollar to give them, and though his heart was dropping tears of blood, still his lips wore a smile, and he cheered the family with words of hope and love. Kissing his children, he bade them good night, and slept and dreamed those cold grey dreams allotted to the children of poverty. The next morning, after he had eaten his humble breakfast, he came down town, to earn the pittance of those who are doomed to labor. His heart hung in his bosom like a load of lead, and he bit his lips to suppress his agony. His rent was due, and every farthing he had on earth was gone. He thought of his pale-faced wife and little children, and imagined that he saw them shivering in the cold air, houseless and defenceless. His face was bent towards the ground, and walking along with a heart full of agony, he suddenly saw a little piece of paper that looked like a bank note lying on the pavement. He grasped it like a miser—but alas! it was only a ticket in the Havana Lottery! He took it down town, and in an enchanter in the Third Municipality, asked what No. 33,661 had drawn.

"Have you that number?" asked the bar-keeper with surprise.
 "Yes, here it is," was the answer.
 "That ticket, sir, has drawn \$8,000, and you have only to go to the firm of——, to get your money."

Who could tell the thoughts that rushed like rainbow meteors through the poor man's bosom! He was as wealthy as he wished to be, and could find back with scorn the taunts into the teeth of those who had oppressed him. He hastened to his

home, and the very ground seemed to fly beneath his feet. His wife's face grew livid at his approach, but when he told her of this fortune, she burst into tears. She could not speak for joy, but throwing her thin white hands and thanked her God for his blessings. She did not speak a word, but the mute heart's prayer rose upwards, as full of silence and fragrance as the incense from the holy censor! The husband could not even smile, but for once in his sad life his eye was lighted up with the brilliant gleams of hope and joy.

In a day the happy family were on their way to a home in the West. The husband clasped the waist of his wife, as they sat on the hurricane deck, and as the distance grew greater, saw the outlines of the buildings of New Orleans fade into the clouds, and the spires of her churches look like the masts of ships seen afar off. He thought of those who had died of the yellow fever—of those to whom he had been a friend, and who had treated his friendship with unthankfulness—and ah! how merrily rang the supper bell on board the boat—and how savory was the smell of the food upon the table. The wife, whose cheeks were no longer pale, and the husband, whose heart was no longer sad, went down and enjoyed their repast. And so it was from day to day for a week, until at last they reached the place of their destination. An old Englishman who had longed to return to his native land sold out to the lucky finder of the lottery ticket, his farm, consisting of nearly four hundred acres of the richest land, together with stock, farming utensils and everything else pertaining to the place.

It was only a day or two before the young couple were safely installed in their new residence, and they were happy, perfectly happy. On the balcony of his little neat house, on the first night of his arrival, the husband sat smoking his pipe, and gazing on the beautiful scene that was spread before his view. The tall green trees around his dwelling seemed to bow to him and acknowledge him as their master. He heard the lowing of his kine in the cattle yard, and saw the broad fields that were teeming with the richest produce of the west. They were all his, now! He saw the brook that, like a vein of silver, ran in the pale moonlight as softly as a dream. He thought how, on the morrow, he would take his gun and shoot some of the game he heard chirping almost up to the very door-sill of his house. He went to bed with a heart as light as a feather, and dreamed pleasant dreams. The next morning, just as the sun was tinging with gold the summits of the hills, and the birds were singing their early songs to the light of day—he awoke—yes, to find himself still in Lafayette Square.

He had been sleeping all the while, and the lottery ticket was but a portion of his dream. His hat, which had fallen off his head, was nearly full of dead autumn leaves. Amongst the yellow leaves there was a piece of paper. It was the fragment of a kite that had been caught in the trees and been blown to pieces. On the piece of paper was written, in a bold round hand, "Patience and Perseverance will accomplish every thing," and here the sentence broke off. It was evidently a leaf torn from the copy book of a school boy, but the dreamer gave it a long, wishful look, and resolved to be a man in future.—N. O. Delta.

From the Paris Corsaire.

The Taking of Lucerne.

The capture of this little town, which the Swiss radicals have just entered as conquerors, is the topic of the day in Europe. What is this taking of Lucerne? Is it the expulsion of the Jesuits? No. It is the republic at our doors, and in the center of old Europe. In fact, the Swiss radicals have not been at Lucerne to drive out a few black gowns. The instinct of royal governments is not deceived. The question in Switzerland is of a republican federative constitution like that of the U. States, and the creation of a national unity. Now, the republic at our very gates is a serious affair: we could get along with twenty-two fragments of a republic, but a complete republic is any other thing. The cholera, which is advancing rapidly, is nothing in comparison to this sort of contagion. Remark, also, that with us the republican party begins to distance the out-of-breath party of Mr. Barrot. What are the banners of Orleans, Lille, and Dijon, if not republican? The ministry, indeed, tells us by the mouth of the *Debat*, that it is satisfied with the banquet of Orleans, satisfied with the banquet of Lille, and still more satisfied with that of Dijon. It will end by being so much satisfied as to be too much so.

Will there be intervention in Switzerland? No. For there is no right to intervene; the five powers are not agreed among themselves;—Switzerland, united by a war of liberty, will renew upon her own territory our conflicts, and our triumphs, of '94.

We have set officially forth, and sufficiently commented upon, the principles of non-intervention. We are bound by it.—England, it is well known, will only offer a friendly mediation, and, finally, a hundred thousand rifles in the mountains of Switzerland will offer food for reflection. What is to be done then? There is only one solution to such a question: to raise monarchy above the republic by good government. Without that there is no salvation. Hopes founded upon the continuation of a war in the small cantons—upon the collision of the radicals with the king of Prussia—all that is an illusion. We must go on; the floods rise—all the world hears them—we must anticipate them.

The *Gazette de France* adds—"The Corsaire is right. It is only true representative

monarchy which can neutralize the republican movement in France. The diet will now reply to the pentarchy—We have settled our affairs; what have you to do with us, or on our soil, or at Neuchâtel? We claim what we shall defend—national sovereignty and independence."

Science and Missions.

Missionary travels form an interesting and important part of our modern evangelical literature. No travels that have ever been written can be fairly said to equal them in thrilling incident, or worthy object, or real value. They are generally the productions of men of disciplined minds, trained to habits of discriminating observation, and capable of taking comprehensive views of the countries and tribes which they visit. The accurate scholarship of many of our missionaries qualifies them, in an eminent manner, for the responsible but useful task. Their knowledge of geography, history, and literature, their acquaintance with the elements of diverse language, their intellectual culture, guiding them to investigations which promise the most beneficial results, and directing their attention to points of the highest consequence, render their works the most interesting contributions to learning. They know what discussion will be most acceptable to men of letters. They know on what points information is demanded. Their religious character and object give them an element of qualification for their work, raising them above the sphere of common travelers, and securing to us a series of interesting investigations and observations, which in the notes of merely worldly travelers would be sought for in vain. They go abroad with the eye of scholars and the hearts of Christians. We trust the time is not distant when science will more fully acknowledge its obligations to missions; when it will be universally understood that while this great enterprise is raising human beings from degradation and sin, and preparing them to be "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," it is, at the same time, contributing to enlarge the treasures of learning, the extent and profits of commerce, the benefits of international intercourse, and all the salutary results of mutual sympathy and communication between man and man. In the journeys undertaken for the promulgation of the gospel, while this primary end is accomplished, the boundaries of human knowledge are also increased, the safety and the virtue of our mariners are secured, national honor and influence are extended, the foundations of new literature are laid, the cause of morality and human happiness is advanced, new intellectual energies are aroused, mind acts upon mind both by a direct and reflex influence, evangelical truth is illustrated and confirmed, and the period of the world's highest prosperity, peace and joy is hastened.—*Christian Review*.

Expiation of Sin.

He that thinks to expiate sin by going barefoot, only makes one folly the atonement of another. Paul, indeed, was scourged and beaten by the Jews; but we never read that he bent or scourged himself. And if any think that his keeping under his body imports so much, they must first prove that the body cannot be kept under by a virtuous mind, and that the mind can be made virtuous by a scourge; and consequently that things and whips are means of grace and things necessary to salvation. The truth is, if men's religion is no deeper than their skin, it is possible they may scourge themselves into very great improvements. But they will find that their bodily exercise touches not the soul, and that neither pride, nor lust, nor covetousness, nor any other vice, was ever mortified by corporal discipline. "Tis not the back, but the heart, must bleed for sin; and consequently, in this whole course they are like men that are out of their way; let them lash on ever so fast, that they are not at all nearer their journey's end. What arguments have they to beguile poor, simple, unstable souls, I know not; but surely, the practical, casuistical, that is, the principal vital part of their religion savors very little of spirituality.—*South*.

Old Psalm Tunes.

To forward the favorable reception of such tunes, two facts, as to their original intention, must be practically borne in mind. They were sung faster than we usually sing them, and, what is better, by a far greater number of voices. It is a great mistake to suppose that old tunes should be sung in a heavier, drawing style. Our forefathers in the church were cheerful Christians. A psalm of a dozen verses was but short to them. Hence, as well as from other circumstances, it is clear that they sang in a quicker and clearer manner than is commonly conjectured. The Old Hundred tune is made a dirge in our days, but in theirs, it was a joyous and animating canticle. "All people that on earth do dwell, sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!" In like manner, York tune, which is shelled among the dull and the obsolete, was, little more than a century ago, the liveliest and most popular tune of the entire kingdom. But to hear old tunes to advantage, they must be sung in old style. Not only must they be sung with decent gravity and cheerful sanctity, but by masses of people by a multitude of voices, "by all the people together," as the original directions state. Six thousand voices were wont to be heard at St. Paul's Cross; and "three or four thousand singing at a time in a church of this size is but a trifle," said the excellent Roger Ascham, in a letter from Augsburg, dated the 14th of May, 1551. When psalm tunes are sung after this fashion, an intelligent organist and a well disciplined choir

will still find enough to do; but in what they thus may find to do, there may still be an energy and interest with which few are now familiar. Without long and incongruous interludes, or opera-like whinnings of select voices, or conventional vociferations of the great congregational choir, our churches, when such psalmody returns to them, will present as much of "heaven below" as our sinful state will admit.—*Hackett's National Psalmist*.

The Lord Looks at the Heart.

As to the virtues by which some of the unconverted distinguish themselves from others, they either spring from God's preventing grace or are only vices in disguise. The love of praise, the desire of honor, and the thirst of gold, excite thousands to laudable designs, and useful actions. Wicked men, set on work by these powerful springs, do lying wonders in the moral world, as the magicians did in the land of Egypt. They counterfeit divine grace, and for a time seem to outdo believers themselves. Hence it is, that we frequently see the indolent indistinct, the coward brave, the covetous charitable, the Pharisee religious, the Magdalen modest, and the dastardly slave of his lusts a bold avenger of public liberty. But the Searcher of hearts is not deceived by fair appearances; he judges of their actions according to the motives whence they spring, and the ends for which they are performed; you are, says he to all these seemingly virtuous sinners, like white sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outwardly; but within are full of dead men's bones, and all manner of uncleanness.—*Fletcher*.

The Press.

The art of printing is perhaps the mightiest instrumentality ever contrived by man for the exertion of moral influence. The Rev. Dr. Adams, in his late address at Yale College, remarked:—

"In the city of Strasburg, on the eastern frontier of France, there stands, in the principal square, a large bronze statue of Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing with movable types. It is a full length figure of that fortunate individual, with a printing press at his side, and an open scroll in his hand, with this inscription: *And there was light*. Upon the several sides of the pedestal on which the effigy stands, are four tableaux in bas-relief, designed to represent the effect of the art of printing on the general progress of the world. In one stand the names of the most distinguished scholars, philosophers, and poets of all times; in another the names of those who have been most eminent for their achievements in the cause of human freedom; conspicuous among which is an allusion to our declaration of independence, with the names of Washington, Franklin, Hancock and Adams. On the third side, is a representation of philanthropy knocking off the fetters of the slave, and instructing the tawny children of oppression in useful knowledge; and on the fourth is Christianity, surrounded by the representatives of all nations, and tribes, and people receiving from her hand, in their own tongue, the word of eternal truth. Christianity! Heaven-born Christianity! Divine philosophy! look down with indifference or disdain on that bearded man at work with tools in his smutty shop, away on the Rhine.—Affect to overlook and undervalue him as a mechanic! A mechanic! why, out of those bars of wood, and pounds of metal, and ounces of ink, he is constructing a machine to make the nations think. He is constructing wings for Christianity herself, which shall bear her, with the music of her silver trumpet, to all the abodes of men."

Scene at an Iceland Church.

The scene at an Iceland church, on a Sunday, is said by a traveller to be of a singular and interesting kind. The little edifice, constructed of wood and turf, is situated, perhaps, amid the rugged ruins of a stream of lava, or beneath mountains which are covered with never melting snows, in a spot where the mind almost sinks under the silence and desolation of surrounding nature. Here the Icelanders assemble to perform the duties of religion. A group of male and female peasants may be seen gathered about the church, waiting the arrival of their pastor, all habited in their best attire after the manner of the country; their children with them, and the horses which brought them from their respective homes, grazing quietly around the little assembly. The arrival of a new comer is welcomed by every one with the kiss of salutation; and the pleasures of social intercourse, so rarely enjoyed by the Icelanders, are happily connected with the occasion which summons them to the discharge of their religious duties. The priest makes his appearance among them as a friend; he salutes individually each member of his flock, and stoops down to give his almost parental kiss to the little ones who are to grow up under his pastoral charge. Those offices of kindness performed, they all go together to the house of prayer.

Sage Advice.

A correspondent of the Boston Investigator says to the editor of that infidel paper:—

"I often notice that you rub the Universalists rather hard. Excuse me, but I think that this is wrong. They are like John the Baptist of old—they prepare the way, make the path straight. Children have to creep before they walk; and Universalism is the first step towards common sense. You cannot make as many converts in your way, because they must come a step at a time. This jumping straight out of Tophet, and getting no foretaste of heaven, won't do; it doesn't seem to take with the priest-ridden

zealots in this part of the country. I seldom if ever knew a person in a life who was an infidel, but who had, at first, been raised an orthodox, then became a Universalist, then an infidel: so I think my logic is best, in the way of making converts."

THE FULNESS THAT IS IN CHRIST.—Oh, sirs! there is in a crucified Jesus something proportionable to all the straits, wants, necessities and desires of his poor saints.—He is bread to nourish them, a garment to cover them, a physician to heal them, a counsellor to advise them, a captain to defend them, a prince to rule them, a prophet to teach, and a priest to make atonement for them, a husband to protect, a father to provide, a brother to relieve, a foundation to support, a root to quicken, a head to guide, a treasurer to enrich, a sun to enlighten, and a fountain to cleanse them.—*Brooks*.

TRUE PERFECTION.—Naaman was a mighty man; but he was a leper. Every man has some but or other in his character; something that blemishes and diminishes him—some alloy in his grandeur—some damp to his joy. He may be very happy, very good; yet, in something or other, not so good as he should be, nor so happy as he would be. Naaman was as great as the world could make him; and yet, as Bishop Hall remarks, the basest slave in Syria would not have changed skins with him.—*Henry*.

THE SAME HEAVEN CAN RECEIVE THEM ALL.—Chillingworth was asked by a learned Jesuit, how Protestants, rejecting the Pope's infallibility and relying on the Scriptures alone, could hope to be saved, when each sect gave the Scriptures a different meaning, adding, "The same heaven cannot contain them all." To this Chillingworth answered, "It is sufficient for any man's salvation that he believes the Scripture! that he endeavor to believe it in its true sense, as far as concerns his duty, and that he conform his life to it, either by obedience or repentance; he that does so may be sure that he cannot err fundamentally; and they that do so cannot err in fundamentals; so that notwithstanding their differences and your presumption, 'the same heaven can receive them all.'"

THE TRUTH OF RELIGION PROVED BY ITS EFFECTS.—The Romans had a law, that every one should, wherever he went, wear a badge of his trade in his hat or outward vestment, that he might be known. Thus the Christian is never to lay aside the badge of his holy profession; but to let his light shine and adorn the doctrines of God his Saviour in all things.

ARGUMENT IN A NUTSHELL.—In the Universalist Trumpet of January 1st, the editor attempts to explain these words of the Lord Jesus Christ:—"And shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." The explanation is, that the fire and anguish is not in hell, but "in Zion." So to all sinners anxious to keep out of hell fire, and to escape the weeping and gnashing of teeth threatened by the Saviour, the path is a plain one—let them keep out of Zion! As Zion is supposed to represent the church of the living God, and as Universalists claim to be that church, even Mt. Zion, to which all believers are to come, and as none but such as dwell in Zion can suffer from the fire which the Lord has kindled there, it is most clearly the duty of all who would keep out of hell fire, to keep out of a Universalist church.—*Bost. Recorder*.

CLERICAL WIT.—As the Rev. Mr. Field, formerly at Westminster, Vt., went to give his vote at an election, a man of opposite politics expressed surprise at seeing him there, and to confirm his objection quoted the remark of the Saviour, that his "kingdom was not of this world." "Has no man a right to vote?" rejoined the witty clergyman, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"—*Northampton Courier*.

On Sunday, a lady called to her little boy who was tossing marbles on the sidewalk, to come into the house. "Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? I go into the back yard, if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday." "Well yes, but ain't it Sunday in the back yard, mother?"

DAILY PRAYER.—As my greatest business is with God, so my daily business is also with him.—*Baxter*.

COLOR OF THE STARS.—Some undefined circumstances in the constitution of the celestial bodies produces the effect of their exhibiting not only a different degree, but a different kind of lustre. Their light is by no means uniform. The ray of Sirius differs not merely in intensity, but in kind from that of Vega; that is perceptible in this country, but in those favored regions where the atmosphere is more pure—where less of humidity and haze exist—the difference is striking, even to the naked eye, "one star differing from another in glory." One star shines as an emerald, while another glows as a ruby, adorning the winter's sky with a rich variety of sparkling gems, differing not more in size than they do in hue or brilliancy!

Never insist too much, especially in things of trifling value.

Think not of others' faults; but of their virtues and thine own defects.

To own yourself in an error is to show that you are wiser than you was.

The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion.

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THIS preparation has now been before the public nearly twenty years. Its great intrinsic merits have steadily advanced the sale and use of it, and it now enjoys a prominent position in the public favor. CERTIFICATE OF THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LANCASTER, PA. Lancaster City, July 2d, 1844. Messrs B. A. FAHNESTOCK & CO., Gentlemen:—Several of the younger branches of my family laboring with various complaints, induced the application of various remedies, and I am happy to say that your Vermifuge had the desired effect. In one instance, removing the almost incredible number of 151 of the large worms from one patient, which in addition to its other tested qualities in my family, establish the efficacy of your Vermifuge as a sure cure. Mayor, Lancaster City.

UNPARALLELED IMPOSITION AND EFFRONTERY! An individual named S. Fahnestock has repeatedly asserted that the article which he calls "Dr. S. Fahnestock's Vermifuge," is the same or equal to the Vermifuge prepared by me.

The public are assured that this is a BASE FALSIFICATION and are hereby cautioned against confounding the genuine with the counterfeit. The genuine is in its composition, and does not possess the virtues and powers of my preparation. B. A. FAHNESTOCK. For sale in Hartford by HARVEY SEYMOUR, M. W. BUTLER & CO., and other respectable druggists, and by one agent in every town in the State. B. A. FAHNESTOCK & CO., 49 John St., New York.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, INCORPORATED IN 1819, for the purpose of insuring against loss and damage by Fire only. Capital \$250,000, secured and vested in the best possible manner—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as any other office. The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore detached from the capital is not exposed in great losses by sweeping fires. The Office of the Company is kept in their new Building, No. 10, near the Exchange Coffee House, State street, where constant attendance is given for the accommodation of the public. The Directors of the Company are: Thomas K. Brace, Samuel Tudor, Joseph Pratt, James H. Thompson, Ward Woodbridge, Joseph Church, Silas B. Hand, Frederick Tyler, S. L. Loomis, Secretary. The Etna Insurance Company has Agents in most of the Towns in the State, with whom insurance can be effected. Hartford, Jan. 1847.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY—FIRE AND MARINE. CAPITAL \$200,000 Office No. 8 Exchange Building, North of the State House, Hartford, will take Fire and Marine risks on terms as favorable as other Companies. Office open for the transaction of business at all times during the day and evening. The following gentlemen compose the Board of Directors: Daniel W. Clark, Wm. W. Ellsworth, Charles H. Northam, Wm. Kellogg, Lemuel Humphrey, Benjamin W. Greene, Willis Thrall, Wm. A. Ward, John Warburton, John L. Peck, Thomas Belknap, A. G. Hazard, E. G. Hunt, Elery Hills, DANIEL W. CLARK, President, WILLIAM COVENS, Secretary. Hartford, Jan. 1847.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office North side State House Square, between U. S. Hotel and Eagle Tavern.

THIS Institution is the oldest of the kind in the State having been established more than 30 years. It is incorporated with a capital of \$150,000, which is invested and secured in the best possible manner. It insures Public Buildings, Churches, Dwellings, Stores, Merchandise, Furniture, Books, and personal property generally, from loss or damage by fire, on the most favorable and satisfactory terms. The company will adjust and pay all its losses with liberality and promptitude, and thus endeavor to retain the confidence and patronage of the public. Persons wishing to insure their property, who reside in any town in the United States, where this company has no Agent, may apply directly to the Secretary, and their proposals shall receive immediate attention. Lists of AGENTS AND DIRECTORS of the Company. The following gentlemen are Directors of the Company: Eliphalet Terry, S. H. Huntington, H. Huntington, Albert Day, James G. Goodwin, Charles Bowditch, Henry Kenney, Wm. T. Lee, J. B. May, ELIPHALET TERRY, President, JAMES G. BOWDITCH, Secretary. Hartford, Jan. 1847.

MONUMENTS. JAMES G. BATTERSON, Marble Manufacturer, J. Hartford and Litchfield, Conn., would respectfully announce to the citizens of Hartford and the public generally, that he has opened an establishment at 223 Main street, (directly opposite Union Hotel,) where he will manufacture and execute in the best style all kinds of MONUMENTS and GRAVE STONES, of the best American and Foreign Marble. Church Tablets, Cemetery Fences, Mantels, Crests, Tans, Pins, Boxes and Coffins, of Egyptian, Italian, or any other kind of Foreign Marble which may be preferred, executed at short notice, and in a superior style of workmanship. All persons in want of any kind of work in the marble line, are respectfully requested to call and examine his list of workmanship before purchasing elsewhere. Lists of MONUMENTS delivered to any part in the city, free of charge. 31 Feb. 76.

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Christian Sec

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, CORNER MAIN AND ASYLUM

TERMS.

Subscribers in the city, furnished at Two Dollars per annum. Papers sent by mail at \$2.00, payable in advance, and a discount of twelve and a half cents becoming responsible for six months. Advertisements will be inserted at of advertising in this city. All communications on subjects of the paper should be addressed to B. U. post paid.

Activity the Christian's

"As the rest of heavenly bodies, the happiness of men consists in a life of activity, and a life of activity is a life of duty."

We take this thought, and is beautifully expressed, from the author of the "Portion of the Soul's Infirmity." "Uses of Activity in the Christian's Life." This little book, "Thoughts and Maxims, Moral and Religious Subjects, of instruction, and of the text of instructive thought."

There is no doubt much mischief in regard to the saint. Christian sometimes sits down. Now will I meditate on the life of the righteous, and my heart shall be within me. Perhaps he takes the Christian's Classic on this species of duty, sometimes a spiritual penance, which, when formed, establishes more clearly own title to the saint's rest. We seek thus by passive emotions, ting the mind in the attitude of emotions, to gain that reality, and that evidence of such reality can be gained only by active life. It is most true that activity is activity, sweetly issuing from the frame of mind, is the only soul we are prepared, or prepared hereafter. It is the evidence that rest. But mere desires are constituted such evidence, unaided by such holy activity.

Such spontaneous, holy activity, out of all true desire after God. If not, then it is very strong prayer, desires are spurious. True God are accompanied with joy, delight in his spiritual service, experience of David is the joy of the holy church of Christ, me the joy of thy salvation, and by thy free Spirit; then will thy groans thy ways, and sinners vented into these. Then will thy groans thy ways! But what to do with this? What to do to be in any frame of mind could not say, Now, will I tend thy ways, and sinners shall end unto thee!

Alas! David had been wretched in God in fearful, fatal sin, and the case, his lips were sealed with God, and he could not utter groans either to warn or persuade. And now, under the terrors such departure and guilt, his back, and get a new pardon, new repentance and faith, and a new supply of God's grace could enter again upon his heavenly duty with regard to

Thus it is that Christians God, and unfit themselves for in his service. And then such holy activity produces insensibility, and a greater reluctance to engage in active life, soul is quite indifferent and regard to the ruin of souls, with any yearning desires for the salvation of sinners. When a member of a church are in the hope can there be of the revival?

But if Christians would up from this sluggishness, and active duty, then would love would toward life and emotion, and a tender anxiety for the would be renewed, and the spirit would be set in glowing exercise would come again into expression. Christians each and all take on some unconverted man, and, as a real, energetic, positive, bring him to Christ, and let renewed daily, and persevere prayer, and this would be a religion. Such effort, relying on ways successful. There have Christians in this city, who have been there who have been on their lists continually some to be striven with, entreated, prayed for, and who thus go on day making this business of with sinners a part of their duty. And in the end, though they are blest with no uncommon power yet they have been honored with instrumentality of saving souls. This is the activity in which